cylinders, says the St. Louis Republic, and, turning them round either by rude machinery or by hand, dexterously pare the pith from circumference to center. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared it is unrolled and weights are placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length.

It is altogether probable that if rice paper making becomes an industry in the United States these primitive modes will be done away with.

HE HAD FOUND IT.

And Knew Just Exactly How Machine Poetry Was Ground Out.

The young man and the young woman from half a mile beyond the timber line came hesitatingly into the office, and the young man inquired if they could look 'round a bit and see how a newspaper was made. Of course, permission was granted at once, and a guide was furnished to do the honors. They went everywhere, and, on the principle of saving the best till the last, they wound up in the editorial rooms.

About the first thing that attracted their attention in that department was a smooth-looking young fellow busily at work on a typewriter. The young man left his fair companion in the hands of the guide and sidled over to the writer. He had no idea what it was, but in a minute or two he noticed the written page as it slowly emerged from the roller, and he beckoned hastily for the girl to come over, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I say, Maria," he said, as he caught her by the arm and dragged her closer, "look at that, will you?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"You've heard tell of the machine poetry they have in the newspapers, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"Well," he explained, "that's what they make it on. You watch the young feller awhile and see how fast he can turn it out," and they stood by the busy writer so long that it almost gave him a conniption fit, and then broke him all up by asking him if he couldn't give them a sample to take home with them.

They Must Cure.

Medical skill is at a rather low ebb throughout Russia, and not without cause. An American physician, tempted by the enormous fees so frequently paid by the nobility, went to St. Petersburg and within a year had a lucrative practice. Then he was called in to attend a baron who was suffering from lung trouble. The doctor gave his patient the best of care and skill, but the baron died, and the widow promptly sued the doctor for damages for unskillful treatment. The unlucky American was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand roubles and undergo an imprisonment of thirty days. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the physician left Russia as soon as he got out of jail, and nothing could tempt him to return.

FOSSIL BOTANY IN THE EAST.

One Hundred and Fifty Specimens of Plant Deposit Found in Pennsylvania.

Underneath the great bed of cannel coal, three miles below Darlington, making the floor of the coal mentioned, is regarded by the Pittsburgh Dispatch as one of the most varied paleobotanical deposits known to science. No other single locality in this or any other country has ever contributed such a collection and such a variety of the preglacial, or, it may be said, the carboniferous botanical flora, as has come from this coal floor. The material in which these remarkable fossil imprints occur is a dark, sandy shale, and to say that the stratum is filled with plant remains is giving the fact only mild expression. The richness and rareness of this plant deposit will be understood when it is stated that more than one hundred and fifty varieties of specimens have been found, some entirely new to science and such as have never been found elsewhere, and all this on an area of only from two to three feet in thickness, from which the superabundance of this early flora may at once be inferred. The first vegetable form that is undeniably that of a mushroom was here discovered, and so anomalous was this as to the associated formations that it was made the subject of a paper read before the American Philosophical society.

This remarkable locality is not content only in vying with the world in the richness and rareness of botanical finds, but a crustacean of a rare type is also in the collection from these shales. This is a form allied to Pterygterus, and in honor of I. F. Mansfield, the owner and enthusiastic and indefatigable collector of these specimens, the new fossil creature has been called Dolichopterus Mansfieldi. A matter of scientific interest as related to this shale is the fact that the material that entered into this cannel coal formation was not produced from the bed on which it rests, the myriads of plant specimens affording an abundance of negative testimony. Dr. Newberry, a former Ohio state geologist, has suggested that the cannel coal owes its origin probably to the drifting of a carboniferous mud into some quiet lagoon. Probably a quiet settling of sedimentary matter would better express the process, for it must have had a most quiescent action that so evenly and gently pressed down the delicate leaf life so as to preserve all the fine minutiæ in the imprint. This Darlington district will become a botanical Mecca for students of paleobotanical science.

CODDLED CODFISH.

Lifted from the Water, Stuffed with Edibles and Returned to the Pool.

At Logan, near the mull of Galloway, there is a most interesting tidal fish pond. A rent in the cliff facing the Irish channel admits the salt water through a narrow fissure, protected by a grating, into a circular rock basin, some thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. The cliffs rise high all round; stone steps descend on one side to a ledge leveled into a footpath at the water's edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall resound on the stairs than the green water, hitherto motionless and apparently lifeless, becomes peopled with large brown fish, rising from the depths, gliding and dashing about in a great state of excitement. These are cod, lythe and saithe, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, says the National (English) Magazine, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their mealtime.

Formerly a clapper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a trick of the stage; the footfall on the stone is quite enough to awake them to activity. Most of the cod, being deep water fish, become totally blind in captivity from excess of light, but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may witness the strange sight of a huge cod, more than an ell long, dangled on the knee like a baby, his mouth stuffed with mussels and limpets, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tended and fed, prove much better than fish brought straight from the open sea.

SOME WATERLOO INVENTIONS.

Famous Sayings with Which We Are Familiar Declared Unauthentic.

Although the newspapers often print paragraphs about familiar phrases and their misplaced authorship, the mistakes, as a general rule, continue to be made. There is that story of Wellington at Waterloo, which originated, according to the Buffalo Courier, with Alison, the historian. The French having at last broken, so the tale goes, the "Iron Duke" cried to his reserves: "Up, guards, and at them!" In the face of frequent denials by Wellington himself that he ever gave such a command, it is repeated to this day as a historical fact. An artist once went to the duke and begged to be allowed to paint him in the very attitude he took when he uttered those stirring words. "Go to the devil!" said the duke. Again, a dowager asked him if he really did say: "Up, guards, and at them!" To this the duke replied: "I couldn't have said it, madame; it would have been absurd. What I probably did say to my staff officers was something like this: 'Gentlemen, you will now move upon the enemy's right.'"

Almost everybody believes that it was Napoleon who said: "God always favors the heaviest battalions." As a matter of fact, Tacitus was the first who is known to have used the phrase, and Voltaire and Mme. Sevigne uttered it in exactly the manner credited to Napoleon. That other familiar one: "The guard dies, but never surrenders," was attributed to Cambronne, who was made a prisoner at Waterloo. It was actually invented by Rougemont, an author of witty sayings, two days after the fight.